

no beans, no extra guacamole or sour cream
or chips, just these three items, plus
tax, plus fifteen percent tip.
the meal was just as good and generous
as it had ever been,
and the simple ambiance unchanged,

but the total was now considerably more
than i used to budget to feed my family
of four for a week in 1964 in tucson
when i was a graduate student.

of course we never ate out then.

i guess i won't be eating out much longer either.

GOOD BOY

when toad returns to school
he notices that a number of
his feminist colleagues greet him
with not only a kind word and a
smile, but with an affectionate
pat on the shoulder.

at first he thinks, "what do you
know — i must be regaining my
physical magnetism!"

but he soon learns that there
has been a recent conference on
techniques of diminishing resistance
in unreconstructed adversaries.

IT ALL MADE SENSE IN HER HEAD

to their house guests she explains why
"her" six-packs of coke are secreted about
the house in cabinets, drawers, even the
bureau next to her bed:

"i started doing it," she explains with pride,
"one sunday when the children and i came
home absolutely parched from visiting museums
up in l.a. on a hot day and he had finished
off the last cokes in the refrigerator. he
said he'd walk to the corner market and
replace them at half-time of the football game,
but i marched the kids right over there on the

spot, and ever since then i've kept my stash of soft drinks hidden."

she looks around the room for approbation.

WE LIVE IN AN IMPERFECT WORLD

she doesn't really want me, but she doesn't want anyone else to have me either.

thus, she can sense when there's a potential rival in the room, and she moves quickly to my side, asserting her ownership.

i find it more touching than annoying. it's the closest she can bring herself to an expression of affection.

SELECTIVE STUDYING

those who would write like bukowski know that he, as a young man, loved classical music, wrote every day, read world literature, supported himself without parental or government assistance, and drank a lot.

but when it comes to modeling themselves on him as writers they tend to forget everything except the drinking.

FATHERLY CONCERN IS SOMETIMES WARRANTED

t.s. eliot's father died in 1919 considering his son a failure who had wasted his talents.

war had prevented eliot from returning from england to harvard to make his oral defense of his dissertation in philosophy, and anyway he had already made his decision to abandon academic life for poetry.

i suppose in hindsight we could snicker at his dad, but, you know, eliot did have extraordinary intellectual abilities and